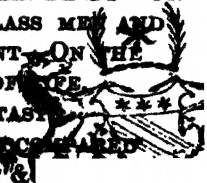


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SECOND BOOK.
ON
MISCELLANEOUS
SUBJECTS.

BY
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BARON OF OSTERBURG.
I. H. H. AND B.

COMPRISING HIS
REFLECTIONS ON PERSEVERANCE—ON THE
IMMORTALITY OF HUMAN DEEDS—ON
EMINENT MIDDLE-CLASS MEN AND
THEIR ANTECEDENT—ON THE
VICISSITUDE OF LIFE
AMBITION, TASTE
THE PRESENT TIME COMPARED
WITH THE PAST &



BOMBAY :
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THE PROMISED BOOK.

(*for December 1877*)

N. B.—"The child of misfortune" which was originally meant for the Title of this *Second Book* is now altered to "Miscellaneous Subjects" to make it agree with the First Book, the whole being intended to be brought in one complete volume.

The want of means to publish it ere this, will, it is hoped, plead an ample excuse for the delay.

Should this work receive the patronage of the generously disposed, and a sufficiency raised to cover the expenses for printing and binding, a third book will be issued in March,—and *every third month in this year.*

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PREFACE.

The author has undertaken the task of writing these histories with the hope of gaining a way in his unfortunate situation by *Honest Perseverance*, and *Industry*, though he sees before him a long tedious, and a dark path, still it leads to a *worthy endeavour*—should he die in the pursuit, as is very likely, he shall die with the satisfaction that he has the approbation of all concerned and those who have generously patronized his endeavours;—and with the further comfort that in all he has written, he has written nothing which on his death bed he should wish blotted out.

Such, however, as the book is, the author leaves it to the good will of his readers, with the hope that they will approve it, as

a Narrative of personal achievements and perseverance, and if there be nothing else worthy to plead in his behalf, he humbly trusts his honest endeavours to make a living will at least be appreciated and generously patronized.

NECESSITAS RERUM MATER EST.

NOTE.

It is hoped this book will be read through,
And not laid aside by a mere cursory view

B o m b a y

PRINTED AT THE "INDU-PRAKASH" PRESS.

CHAPTER I.

REFLECTIONS

ON PERSEVERANCE.



Mark, how the hand of the Clock moves steadily on,
From minute-to minute-till the hour is gone.

Perseverance was the motto of days of yore,
The author of all that we have in store—
The noblest monuments to look upon,
With admiration, gratitude, and satisfaction.

Perseverance will overcome all obstacles
in any design and render it pliable and easy.
Men are made what they are at the present
time by the elaborate working of many ge-

nerations of past times. Patient and persevering labour in all ranks and conditions of life contribute towards the grand result of one generation building upon another's labours, and carrying them forward to still higher stages ;—thus the age of posterity has in its course become the inheritor of the rich estate provided by the skill and industry of our forefathers, and which in like manner must descend improved to our successors.

Man must persevere with stern determination in his endeavours to attain his ends—whatever attempt he makes, however difficult, however tedious it may appear at first sight—he must set his shoulders to the wheels boldly and resolutely, and go to work at it onwards.

Promptitude in action may be stimulated by a due consideration of the value of time.

An Italian philosopher was accustomed to call time his estate ; an estate which produces nothing of value without cultivation, but, duly improved, never fails to recompense the labours of the diligent worker. Allowed to lie waste, the product will be only noxious weeds and vicious growths of all kinds. One of the minor uses of steady employment is, that it keeps one out of mischief, for truly an idle brain is the devil's workshop, and a lazy man the devil's bolster. To be accupied is to be possessed as by a tenant, whereas to be idle is to be empty ; and when the doors of the imagination are opened, temptation finds a ready access, and evil thoughts come trooping in. It is observed at sea, that men are never so much disposed to grumble and mutiny as when least employed. Hence an old captain, when there was nothing else to do, would issue

the order to "scour the anchor!"

Voltaire's motto was "Toujours au travail" (always at work.) The bee must toil in making honey, the silkworm must spin, and man in like manner, must multiply his labour and turn it to good account, even though his inclinations should resist and discourage his endeavours.

*Labour is conducive of great gain,
Labour will never be lost in vain.*

Labour is the condition which **God** has imposed upon man. Knowledge can on more be planted in the human mind without labour, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is indeed this great difference that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the former sows; but no man can be deprived,

whether by accident or misfortune of the fruits of his own industry.

Should misfortune unhappily throw a damp in his way of success, should he be so far unfortunate as not to have a friend to back his endeavours; and still worse, should he be unfortunately exposed to the cruel taunts of the world—ever ready to seize upon the slightest deviation—yet withal, he should persevere with undaunted courage and stability in his endeavours, and conquer all obstacles by patience and perseverance.

Writing, printing, and publishing histories with the mere hope of getting a living by, is undoubtedly a sad undertaking and a most tedious, teasing kind of employment that promises poor success; still, *even in this humble attempt* scanty as the return may be—*Perseverance* may serve better than acquirements to help onwards—and what

even if he should fail in his endeavours—Failure in any good cause is, however, honorable, whilst success in any bad cause is merely infamous.

Gifford, the Editor of the ‘Quarterly’ who knew the drudgery of writing for a living, once observed that “a single hours labour won with success,—however little,—is to be valued much.” The greatest have without exception been the greatest workers, even to the extent of drudgery. They have not only worked harder than ordinary men, but brought to their work higher faculties and more ardent spirit. Nothing **Great** and **Durable** was improvised. It is only by noble patience and noble labour that the master pieces of genius have been achieved. And it might be said of Lord Palmerston, that he worked harder for success in his extreme old age, than he had ever done in

the prime of his manhood—pouring over his labour and persevering—as his working faculty, so his good-humour and *bonhomie* continued uninterrupted to the end.

Perseverance will ne'er fail to secure—
Our ends, and make it to us sure.

The man who achieves success in an undertaking is entitled to as *great praise* as the conqueror of a nation. It may be to as much as the artist who paints a picture, or the author who writes a book, or the soldier who wins a battle. Their success may have been gained in the face of as great difficulties, and after as great struggles; and when they have won their battle *it is at least a peaceful one*, and there is no blood on their hands.

They may hope—
At least to win fame,
If not a great gain.

God has gifted man with the necessary instinct in life for supplying his wants in many and various **Honest** ways, which is an ample testimoney of what man can accomplish at his best. I shall here note a few striking examples of what men of ancient times had done, as illustrations and living monuments of perseverance. For instance The Ancient **Grand Master of Masons**—not *Free Masons*—but **Stone Masons**, who elaborately engaged at the building of **Solomon's Temple**—is well known to have been a **great Architect**. But was led, not so much by skill, as by *natural instinct* to the many great performances he achieved ; all came naturally to him, nothing was done beyond what *instinct and perseverance combined could do* ; and this was considered **Wisdom** in those early days. **The Fear of God gave understanding.** *The heart*

was rendered, and the mind was amply supplied with a store of knowledge, and nature proportioning the instinct to the work, contrived to render every thing easy—

Nature is its own monitor,
And the very best instructor.

Bacon observes, that “studies teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation by the power of instinct.” A remark that holds true of actual life, as well as of the cultivation of the intellect itself. For all experience serve to illustrate and enforce the lesson that a man perfects himself by instinct more than by learning—that it is life rather than literature, action rather than study, and perseverance rather than knowledge which tend perpetually to revive mankind and forward endeavours. The

poorest have in this wise often taken the highest places and overcome all obstacles in their way. Those very difficulties which at first seemed to threaten them, have been their best helpers, by evoking their powers of labour and endurance, and stimulating into life faculties which otherwise might have lain dormant. Instances of obstacles thus surmounted, and of triumphs thus achieved are indeed so numerous, as almost to justify the Proverb that "with Perseverance one can do any thing."

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all,

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common place, except by illustrating it rather by the assistance of my memory than my judgment,

and instead of making reflections by telling a story.

Then again, the 1st man that made the sign of sorrow—*not the sign of the cross*,—at the building of **Solomon's Temple**, was merely prompted to it by the pure impulse of grief at seeing the corpse of a fellow-labourer lying before him dead; which led to many more signs—(ad infinitum)—none of which *were studied, nor learnt, nor meant for any recognisance of such*. All came quite natural under the natural impulse of the feeling, than odd else; which in course of time took to imitation, and the formation of a very great society in the wide world.

Thus nearly every enlargement of the domain of knowledge, which has made us better acquainted with the Heavens, with the Earth, and with ourselves, has been established by the **Supreme Laws of Na-**

ture, the **Courage** and **great Spirit** of **Devotion** of the **Past times**; *however humble its authors*, their deeds now rank amongst the most enlightened of the human race. These illustrative sketches are, however, necessarily less elaborately treated—being busts rather than full length portraits, and only some striking feature has been noted.

It is an old saying, old as the **Proverbs** of **Solomon**, that **Natural abilities** in however humble a career of life, properly directed and persevered in, need not be despaired of ultimate success. **God Wil- ing** nothing is impossible! It may be the means of raising the lowest man from the very depth of misery to the **highest pin- nacle of honor affluence and plenty—***high and worthy in the estimation of his*

fellows ; as—"It is not him that planteth :
Nor he that watereth, but **God** that giveth
the increase."

Take this as you will
You will find it still—,
All things have their course,
For better or worse,
For happiness or pain,
Which'er you may attain.

S. A. V. G.

CHAPTER II. ON THE IMMORTALITY OF HUMAN DEEDS.



"There is no action of man in this life, which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end."—*Thomas of Malmesbury*.

We live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts—Example is one of the most potent of instructors, though it teaches without a tongue. It is the practical school of mankind, working by action, which is always more forcible than words. Precept may point to us the way, but it is silent continuous ex-

ample, conveyed to us by habits, and living with us in fact, that carries us along. Good advice has its weight: but without the accompaniment of a good example it is of comparatively small influence; and it will be found that the common saying of "Do as I say, not as I do," is usually reversed in the actual experience of life.

There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act done or a word uttered by a human being but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one, but, to a certain extent, gives a colour to our life, and insensibly influences the lives of those after us. The good deed or word will live, even though we may not see it fructify, but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his

example will not do good on the one hand or evil on the other.

There is, indeed an essence of immortality in the life of man, even in ~~this~~ world. No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and for ever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future. Man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries; and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most

distant future. No man's acts die utterly ; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing future generations for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies.

A life well spent, a character uprightly sustained, is no slight legacy to leave to our children, and to the world ; for it is the most eloquent lesson of virtue and the severest reproof of vice, while it continues an enduring source of the best kind of riches. Well for those who can say, as Pope did, in rejoinder to the sarcasm of Lord Hervey, " I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."

It is possible that the scrupulously honest man may not grow rich so fast as the unscrupulous and dishonest one; but the success will be of a truer kind, earned without fraud or injustice. And even though a man should for a time be unsuccessful, still he must be honest: better lose all and save character "Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille, Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt."—For character is itself a fortune; and if the high-principled, man will but hold on his way courageously success will surely come,—nor will the highest reward of all be withheld from him. Wordsworth well describes the "Happy Warrior," as he

"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honour, or for wordly state;
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all."

— S. A. V. G.

CHAPTER III. ON EMINENT MIDDLE-CLASS MEN AND THEIR ANTECEDENTS—



The globe revolves, and is always in motion,
And hence upon earth every revolution.

Among the number who distinguished themselves by perseverance and industry, and rose to be famous in the world, are those associated with the names of the following.

Cardinal Wolsey, De Foe, Akenside, and Kirke White were the sons of butchers ;

Bunyan was a tinker, and Joseph Lancaster a basket-maker. Among the great names identified with the invention of the steam-engine are those of Newcomen, Watt, and Stephenson; the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine-fireman. Huntingdon the preacher was originally a coalheaver, and Bewick, the father of wood-engraving, a coalminer. Dodsley was a footman, and Holcroft a groom. Baffin the navigator began his seafaring career as a man before the mast, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel as a cabin-boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band. Chantrey was a journeyman carver, Etty a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavernkeeper. Michael Faraday, the son of a blacksmith, was in early life apprenticed to a bookbinder, and worked at

that trade until he reached his twenty-second year : he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphry Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and abstruse points in natural science.

Among those who have given the greatest impulse to the sublime science of astronomy, we find Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker ; Kepler, the son of a German public-house keeper, and himself the "garçon de cabaret ;" d'Alembert, a foundling picked up one winter's night on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond at Paris, and brought up by the wife of a glazier ; and Newton and Laplace, the one the son of a small freeholder near Grantham, the other the son of a poor peasant of Beaumont-en-Auge, near Honfleur. Notwithstanding

their comparatively adverse circumstances in early life, these distinguished men achieved a solid and enduring reputation by the exercise of their genius, which all the wealth in the world could not have purchased. The very possession of wealth might indeed have proved an obstacle greater even than the humble means to which they were born. The father of Lagrange, the astronomer and mathematician, held the office of Treasurer of War at Turin; but having ruined himself by speculations, his family were reduced to comparative poverty. To this circumstance Lagrange was in after life accustomed partly to attribute his own fame and happiness. "Had I been rich," said he, "I should probably not have become a mathematician."

The sons of clergymen and ministers of

religion generally, have particularly distinguished themselves in our country's history. Amongst them we find the names of Drake and Nelson, celebrated in naval heroism; of Wollaston, Young, Playfair, and Bell, in science; of Wren, Reynolds, Wilson, and Wilkie, in art; of Thurlow and Campbell, in law; and of Addison, Thomson, Goldsmith, Coleridge, and Tennyson, in literature. Lord Hardinge, Colonel Edwardes, and Major Hodson, so honourably known in Indian warfare, were also the sons of clergymen. Indeed, the empire of England in India was won and held chiefly by men of the middle class—such as Clive, Warren Hastings, and their successors—men for the most part bred in factories and trained to habits of business.

Among the sons of attorneys we find

Edmund Burke, Smeaton the engineer, Scott and Wordsworth, and Lords Somers, Hardwick, and Dunning Sir William Blackstone was the posthumous son of a silk-mercer. Lord Gifford's father was a grocer at Dover; Lord Denman's a physician; Judge Talfourd's a country brewer; and Lord Chief Baron Pollock's a celebrated saddler at Charing Cross. Layard, the discoverer of the monuments of Nineveh, was an articled clerk in a London solicitor's office; and Sir William Armstrong, the inventor of hydraulic machinery and of the Armstrong ordnance, was also trained to the law and practised for some time as an attorney. Milton was the son of a London scrivener, and Pope and Southey were the sons of linendrapers. Professor, Wilson was the son of a Paisley manufacturer, and Lord Macauley, of an African merchant.

Keats was a druggist, Sir Humphry Davy, a country apothecary's apprentice and Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy—the first Parsee Baronate of Bombay, was the Son of a bottle-monger and rose to distinction from sheer industry, perseverance, and honesty in his dealings, and was one of the most benevolent and upright of his race and a model to form themselves by. Speaking of myself—Your *humble servant* was born of distinguished noble Parents, in *high affluent position* in life. I say this without vanity, and in pure simplicity of heart, and what I am now, I am made by misfortunes working me downwards, while chance favored others in working them upwards—the reverse of life, as described in the scripture—"He hath put down the mighty from their seats; and exalted them of low degree."—St. Luke. Burke's 'Vicissitudes

of Families' strikingly exhibit this rise and fall of families, and show that the misfortunes which overtake the rich and noble are greater in proportion than those which overwhelm the poor. This author points out that of the twenty-five barons selected to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, there is not now in the House of Peers a single male descendant. Civil wars and rebellions ruined many of the old nobility and dispersed their families. Yet their descendants in many cases survive, and are to be found among the ranks of the people. Fuller wrote in his 'Worthies,' that "some who justly hold the surnames of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets, are hid in the heap of common men." Thus Burke shows that two of the lineal descendants of the Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., were discovered in a butcher and a toll-

gatherer ; that the great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, sank to the condition of a cobbler at Newport, in Shropshire ; and that among the lineal descendants of the Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III., was the late sexton of St. George's, Hanover Square. It is understood that the lineal descendant of Simon de Montfort, England's premier baron, is a saddler in Tooley Street. One of the descendants of the "Proud Percys," a claimant of the title of Duke of Northumberland, was a Dublin trunk-maker ; and not many years since one of the claimants for the title of Earl of Perth presented himself in the person of a labourer in a Northumberland coal-pit. Hugh Miller, when working as a stone-mason near Edinburgh, was served by a hodman, who was one of the numerous claimants for the earl.

dom of Crauford—all that was wanted to establish his claim being a missing marriage certificate ; and while the work was going on, the cry resounded from the walls many times in the day, of—"John, Yearl Crauford, bring us anither hod o'lime." One of Oliver Cromwell's great grandsons was a grocer on Snow Hill, and others of his descendants died in great poverty. Many barons of proud names and titles have perished, like the sloth, upon their family tree, after eating up all the leaves ; while others have been overtaken by adversities which they have been unable to retrieve, and sunk at last into poverty and obscurity. Such are the mutabilities of rank and fortune.

As the scriptural saying—"that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the

strong, neither yet bread to the wise,
• • •; but time and chance happeneth to
them all." Ecclesiastes. Chapter IX. v.
11. and Chap. X. v. 6—7. And thus all
our attempts and all our doings at best are
nothing after all but a chance work in this
our transitory state. .

It would be a worthy monumental at last,
Should it represent the noble deeds of the past.

S. A. V. G.

CHAPTER IV.
A BRIEF HISTORY OF ST. FRANCIS
XAVIER'S CAREER OF LIFE.



While the heroes of the World and the Eminent and distinguished are remembered, and set down for example, the heroes of the gospel ought not to be forgotten. From Xavier to Martyn and Williams, there has been a succession of illustrious missionary labourers, working in a spirit of sublime self-sacrifice, without any thought of worldly honour, inspired solely by the hope of seeking out and rescuing the lost and fallen of their race. Borne up by invincible

courage and never-failing patience, these men have endured privations, braved dangers, walked through pestilence, and borne all toils, fatigues, and sufferings, yet held on their way rejoicing, glorying even in martyrdom itself. Of these one of the first and most illustrious was Francis Xavier. Born of noble lineage, and with pleasure, power, and honour within his reach, he proved by his life that there are higher objects in the world than rank, and nobler aspirations than the accumulation of wealth. He was a true gentleman in manners and sentiment; brave, honourable, generous easily led, yet capable of leading; easily persuaded, yet himself persuasive; a most patient, resolute and energetic man. At the age of twenty two he was earning his living as a public teacher of philosophy at the University of Paris. There Xavier be-

came the intimate friend and associate of Loyola, and shortly afterwards he conducted the pilgrimage of the first little band of proselytes to Rome.

When John III. of Portugal resolved to plant Christianity in the Indian territories subject to his influence, Bobadilla was first selected as his missionary; but being disabled by illness, it was found necessary to make another selection, and Xavier was chosen. Repairing his tattered cassock, and with no other baggage than his breviary, he at once started for Lisbon and embarked for the East. The ship in which he set sail for Goa had the Governor on board, with a reinforcement of a thousand men for the garrison of the place. Though a cabin was placed at his disposal, Xavier slept on deck throughout the voyage with his head

on a coil of ropes, messing with the sailors. By ministering to their wants, inventing innocent sports for their amusement, and attending them in their sickness, he wholly won their hearts, and they regarded him with veneration.

Arrived at Goa, Xavier was shocked at the depravity of the people, settlers as well as natives ; for the former had imported the vices without the restraints of civilization, and the latter had only been too apt to imitate their bad example. Passing along the streets of the city, sounding his hand-bell as he went, he implored the people to send him their children to be instructed. He shortly succeeded in collecting a large number of scholars, whom he carefully taught day by day, at the same time visiting the sick, the lepers, and the wretched

of all classes, with the object of assuaging their miseries, and bringing them to the Truth. No cry of human suffering which reached him was disregarded. Hearing of the degradation and misery of the pearl fishers, of Manaar, he set out to visit them, and his bell again rang out the invitation of mercy. He baptized and he taught, but the latter he could only do through interpreters. His most eloquent teaching was his ministration to the wants and the sufferings of the wretched.

On he went, his hand-bell sounding along the coast of Comorin, among the towns and villages, the temples and the bazaars, summoning the natives to gather about him and be instructed. He had translations made of the Catechism, the Apostles' Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's prayer, and

some of the devotional offices of the Church. Committing these to memory in their own tongue he recited them to the children, until they had them by heart; after which he sent them forth to teach the words to their parents and neighbours. At Cape Comorin, he appointed thirty teachers, who under himself presided over thirty Christian Churches, though the Churches were but humble, in most cases consisting only of a cottage surmounted by a cross. Thence he passed to Travancore, sounding his way from village to village, baptizing until his hands dropped with weariness, and repeating his formulas until his voice became almost inaudible. According to his own account, the success of his mission surpassed his highest expectations. His pure, earnest, and beautiful life, and the irresistible eloquence of his deeds, made converts

wherever he went; and by sheer force of sympathy, those who saw him and listened to him insensibly caught a portion of his ardour.

Who can help admiring, and loving the generous,
The gentle, the truthful, and the magnanimous.

Burdened with the thought that "the harvest is great and the labourers are few," Xavier next sailed to Malacca and Japan, where he found himself amongst entirely new races, speaking other tongues. The most that he could do here was to weep and pray, to smooth the pillow and watch by the sick-bed, sometimes soaking the sleeve of his surplice in water, from which to squeeze out a few drops and baptize the dying. Hoping all things, and fearing nothing, this valiant soldier of the truth was borne onward throughout by faith and energy. "Whatever form of death or tor.

ture," said he, "awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." He battled with hunger, thirst, privations and dangers of all kinds, still pursuing his mission of love, unresting and unwearying. At length, after eleven years labour, this great good man, while striving to find a way into China, was stricken with fever in the Island of Sanchian, and there received his crown of glory. A hero of nobler mould, more pure, self-denying, and courageous, has probably never trod this earth.

Glory be to *Him*, whom Glory is due,
May God reward those, holy as you.

The poor man with a rich spirit is in all ways superior to the rich man with a poor spirit. To borrow St. Paul's words, the former is as "having nothing, yet possessing all things," while the other, though pos-

sessing all things, has nothing. The first hopes everything, and fears nothing; the last hopes nothing and fears everything. Only the poor in spirit are really poor. He who has lost all, but retains his courage, cheerfulness, hope, virtue, and self-respect, is still rich. For such a man, the world is, as it were, held in trust; his spirit dominating over its grosser cares, he can still walk erect, a true gentleman unto his close of life.

Noble deeds and noble acts,
Ever live to the remotest past.

A great act does not perish with the life of him who performs it, but lives and grows up into like acts in those who survive the doer thereof and cherish his memory. On some great men it might almost be said that they have not begun to live until they have died.

The names of the men who have suffered in the cause of religion, of science, and of truth, are the men of all others whose memories are held in the greatest esteem and reverence by mankind. They perished, but their truth survived. They seemed to fail, and yet they eventually succeeded. Prisons may have held them but their thoughts were not to be confined by Prison-walls. They have burst through, and defied the power of their persecutors. It was Lovelan, a prisoner, who wrote :—

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor Iron bars a cage—;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.”

S. A. V. G.

CHAPTER V.
ON THE VICISSITUDE OF LIFE—
AMBITION—TASTE—THE PRESENT
TIME COMPARED WITH
THE PAST—



Alas ! The vicissitude of man's life—
Fraught with woes, troubles, and strife !

Life at the best has been compared to a froward child that must be humoured and played with till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Our few years are laboured away in varying its pleasures or pains - New amusements are pursued with studious attention, the most childish vanities are dignified with

titles of importance, at length the proudest boast of the most aspiring philosopher is no more, than that he provides posterity the pleasure to reflect upon his past time.

Thus the time passes, and ambition is ever foremost in our endeavours. The man who in this age is enamoured of the tranquil joys of study and retirement, may in the next feel an ambition of being foremost in society. Such indeed are the absurdities of the times—Reason and appetite are masters of our revels in turn, and as we incline to the one or pursue the other, we rival angels or imitate brutes.

This difference of pursuit marks the moral character of mankind throughout. The man, the nation must therefore be good, whose chiefest luxuries consist of the refinement of reason and good taste. **Taste**

is the proper standard, when others fail, to judge of a **Man's** or **Nation's** improvement or degeneracy in morals, by which we can easily compare the virtues or the vices of our ancestors with our own.

A generation may rise and pass away without leaving any traces of what it really was, and all complaints of our deterioration may be only topics of declamation or the cavillings of disappointment. But in taste we have standing evidence, and can with precision compare the performances of our **Ancestors**—our **Fore fathers**—with that of our own, and make the past an example for the present and the future.

We are now at the present time, with the many changes before us, entirely a new set of people in the world ; each possessing extensive talent for himself, with **New**

**Modes—New Codes—New Rules—New
Laws—New Habits—New Customs—New
Ways of Acting—New Ways of Judging
—*Altogether New.***

In this improved time every object should strike the mind with wonder and contentment. But ingratitude and dissatisfaction still prevail, and we conceive a deal more is still wanting to complete. But when the mind ceases to wonder, the desire also ceases, and a calm contentment prevails over the entire thought, and we are remembered to **Praise and Glorify God—the Great Bestower** of all the blessings we so richly enjoy in Life.

Looking back to early times, before myriads of nations covered the Earth, we find a material difference from the present times, the world was then in perfect igno-

rance, and a whole human race then contentedly lived together in one single valley, blessed with the only productions of Nature, the honied blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brooks, and golden fruitage, were the only luxuries they possessed, and with which they were content, and seemed happy in themselves, in each other. They desired no greater enjoyment, or they knew of none grater than *these* what nature had adorned and gifted them—**Ambition, Pride, and Envy**, were vices unknown to them. But now, with all the improvements the course of time has wrought, enlarged as the world is, and the people so greatly enlightened, we see crimes on the increase, with discontentment and vices, predominating to a deplorable extent, and *that* original warmth of feeling no longer exist towards one another, which

is daily diminishing; and the times getting harder and harder as the world is growing older.

Tempora mutantur et Nos mutamur in illis.

S. A. V. G.

CHAPTER. VI.
A NARRATIVE.

(*Founded upon facts*)



Cradled, and nursed in the sublimity of life,
But cast in a sea of misfortune, troubles and strife,
To brave the tempest !

Youth begins with full of promises and glittering prospects to charm the mind. But alas ! These delusive charms are very frequently but of short duration, that wither and decay with age and afflictions, and leave the deluded wretch at length to lament under trials and disappointments.

The **Hero** of this **Narrative** was the son of a distinguished **German Nobleman**, he

was born at **Hanover** in the year 1811; and received a liberal education with great encouragements. After the demise of his parents he left his **Native Home** relatives and friends to see the world abroad, and took his abode in a far and distant country on the **East of India** or "**Hindustan**."

I shall use this opportunity to give some particulars of the history of a man already so well known, and who now, by a fate of an unusual turn, shares a life of poverty and retirement, with his only friends pen, ink, and paper to keep company with him.

But to begin with his early. Narrative Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this Youth. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely ten years old, being at dinner with his mother, intending to give a

bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of the injury ; endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble and wrapped his bloody hand in a napkin. His mother perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry.

They thought that he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, and the poor child had already grown pale from loss of blood. A gentleman who was also at the dinner table, at last perceived it. But our Hero would

sooner have died than betrayed his dog, who he knew intended no injury.

What great effects might not these two qualities of **Courage** and **Constancy** have produced, had they received a just direction. Our Hero thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and glory of his age. But alas! As misfortune would have it, he was at too early an age cast into a bleak and merciless world to brave it's tempest. He lost his parents *and all with them* while still a youth of only about 14 years, and became a lonely sojourner among disinterested friends. After remaining in this pensive situation for some years, at length he resolved to take his trial, and step out in the open world to look for himself and struggle with his fate.

He found a friend, interested in his welfare,
His unfortunate condition to repair.

By some turn of fortune he fell into intimacy with an old gentleman of very high position and very great affluence, who taking a deep interest in his unfortunate situation befriended him ; and finding him a brave lad, as well intelligent and eager, got him a commission in the army. Just at this time another tempting offer was made him. The head of a leading mercantile firm invited him to join his house, and the gentleman interested in his welfare was puzzled at first how to advise his young *protege*. But it was ultimately determined that he should follow a military career ; and the decision was a fortunate one, for the great house, then apparently so prosperous, not long afterwards failed. At the latter end of 1829, our young hero being then only sixteen, started to join his appointment, with a liberal outfit, the cost

of which had been advanced by his generous patron. Thus he owed his first real start to the kindness of a friend; and almost every successful man, if he is honest, will admit that his success can be traced in the first instance to the same cause. Wellington, in all probability, would not have been selected for the command in Portugal if he had not already distinguished himself on Indian battlements, and battlefields, the opportunities for doing which, he owed entirely to his eminent brother. A man must of course have the needful qualities for turning such opportunities to good account, and a friend to back his endeavours. Our Hero was of a natural adventurous disposition, active, eager, and industrious, every one who took kindly to the lad, and all concerned had the discernment to see that influence and generosity,

exerted in his case, would be well repaid by the result. But, unhappily ! as fortune does not always smile, diversities of circumstances brought him on the reverse side again.

He resigned his commission on hearing of the demise of a wealthy aunt, who left him a large Legacy, and set out to India to speculate upon this fortune, but which proved totally blightful.

He left all near, and dear at home,
In quest of fortune abroad to roam.

And here, our **Hero** cealed his fate, and after many painful struggles with the vicissitudes of life, at length he became a total bankrupt. His ancestral properties and his own losses were irrecoverable, and to retrace his steps was too late and impossible, and he was forced under this lamentable drawback to yield to fate.

In this most unfortunate predicament having no other alternative, he took to writing, in the hope of being able by *this humble means* to fetch a livelihood, if not being able to recover his condition; and while thus persevering on with his endeavours, some feeling an interest in his welfare, generously sympathized and patronized his endeavours.

The great forbearance and resignation with which our **Noble Hero** bore all his trials is indeed worthy of note. The times did not, however, favour his endeavours, and he had the most painful disparagements to encounter.

Still impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting chance that mocks him with the view;
Misfortunes led him to traverse realms alone,
But found no spot of all the world his own.

S. A. V. G.

CONCLUSION.

The Conclusion of the Turko Russia War.

It must no doubt be a pleasurable relief to all concerned in the **Turko Russia War** to hear that peace has at last been concluded between the two nations—Hostilities have been suspended, a preliminary treaty of peace has been signed, and there is to be no more blood shed on either side. Still it is much to be deplored that this **War** should have been allowed to continue so long, and **Turkey** allowed to suffer so greatly, and which at length concludes with depriving her of two of its most valuable territories. Not only has their **European Empire** been greatly despoiled, but their **Asiatic Empire** is rent in twain by the establishment of the **Russians** as lords of **Armenia**. From their

commanding position as *masters* of **Kars** and **Erzeroum** the **Russians** will control all the tribes of **Kurdistan** along the borders of **Turkey**, and hence much mischief is yet to be apprehended from them. The only barrier to their advance towards the **Indian Frontier** is now thoroughly overthrown, that they may at any moment now determine upon an invasion on India. Though **England** may safely rely on its **Superior Maritime Power** at sea, still there is much to be feared on land. Widely located as the **Russian Armies** are now they will undoubtedly spare no endeavours to make the best of the opportunity.

ADIEU! FAREWELL!

S. A. VON GEYER,
BARON OF OSTERBURG.
I. H. H. AND B.

END
OF
SECOND BOOK.

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